

aunacurraghcooish mountainy-man, who was in waiting around the door, his hand raised to his hat in an enchanted attitude, as if waiting to have some spell taken off before it could be lowered, and his knees also cringing dutifully in a position of submissive discomfort.

"There's no use in your coming about this door, my good man," said the new magistrate, haughtily. "I'll seize, or give you twenty pounds to clear out. I never'll make my own of the land."

"Shure, 'twas only tin pound your honor lint me two years ago, when the owld cow got the red wather. I paid you back five an' twinty pounds honest one time with another since, and afther all that you bring out forty pound agin me. Begor, it's the quarest 'rithmetic ever I seen!" said the old peasant, growing bolder in his perplexity and desperation.

"You forget the account for the Indian meal, my man," said the new J.P.

"The account for the Injia male! That manes the two shillins' a bag more than I could get it in any house in the town for," said Meehul.

"And be the same token, Meehul," struck in the sinister factotum Sweeny, "your wife is daling in the shop over the bridge for tay an' yellow male, my fine fellow."

"I can't stop talking to you here," said Mr. Dargan. "You can take twenty pounds or the Sheriff," and he entered the hall with the agent.

"Twinty pound! 'Tis hardly 'twould bring the child-her as far as the workhouse!" groaned Meehul, his eyes following in a stupid despair.

"Don't go for a bit, Meehul, and I'll see what I can do for you—but he's a devilish hard nut, Meehul, between ourselves—a devilish hard nut," said Mr. Hans Harman, who had dropped behind for a moment to whisper this in the ear of the old peasant, with a knowing wink.

The old mountainy-man scratched his head, in a curious puzzle of gratitude, suspicion, and grinding misery. "Begur, they may all say what they like of him," he muttered to himself as the door closed, "but there are worse divels than Hans Harman going."

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER LXXXII.—(Continued).

But the Outlawed Patriot had not shaken the foe from his track that evening. He had been traced to the mountain hut with sleuth-bound patience and certainty; and now, while he slept in fancied security, the little sheeling was being stealthily surrounded by the soldiery!

Some stir on the outside, some chance rattle of a musket, or clank of sabre, awakened one of the sleepers within. A glance through a door-chink soon revealed all; and Dwyer, at the first whisper springing to his feet, found that after nearly five years of proud defiance and successful struggle, he was at length in the toils! Presently the officer in command outside knocked at the door "in the name of the king." Dwyer answered, demanding his business. The officer said he knew that Michael Dwyer the Outlaw was inside. "Yes," said Dwyer, "I am the man." "Then," rejoined the officer, "as I desire to avoid useless bloodshed, surrender. This house is surrounded; we must take you, alive or dead." If you are averse to unnecessary bloodshed," said Dwyer, "first let the poor man whose house this is, and his innocent wife and children, pass through. I came into this house unbidden, unexpectedly. They are guiltless. Let them go free, and then I shall consider your proposition as regards myself."

The officer assented. The poor cottager, his wife, and children were passed through.

"Now, then," cried the officer, "surrender in the name of the king."

"Never!" shouted Dwyer; "we defy you in the name of Ireland."

The hills echoed to the deafening peals that followed on this response. For nearly an hour Dwyer and his four companions defended the sheeling, keeping their foes at

bay. But by this time one of them lay mortally wounded. Soon a shout of savage joy from the soldiery outside was followed by a lurid glare all around. They had set the cabin on fire over the heads of the doomed outlaws!

Then spoke up Dwyer's wounded companion, Alexander MacAlister: "My death is near; my hour is come. Even if the way was clear, there is no hope for me. Promise to do as I direct, and I will save you all." Then the poor fellow desired them to prop him up, gun in hand, immediately inside the door. "Now," continued he, "they are expecting you to rush out, and they have their rifles levelled at the door. Fling it open. Seeing me, they will all fire at me. Do you then quickly dash out through the smoke, before they can load again!"

They did as the dying hero bade them. They flung the door aside. There was an instantaneous volley, and the brave MacAlister fell pierced by fifty bullets. Quick as lightning, Dwyer and his three companions dashed through the smoke. He alone succeeded in breaking through the encircling soldiers; and once outside in the darkness, on those trackless hills he was lost to all pursuit!

Nor was he ever captured. Long afterwards, every effort to that end having been tried for years in vain, he was offered honorable conditions of surrender. He accepted them; but, when was a treaty kept towards the Irish brave? Its specific terms were basely violated by the government, and he was banished to Australia.

The mountaineers of Wicklow to this day keep up the traditions of Michael Dwyer—of his heroism, his patriotism—of his daring feats, his marvellous escapes. But it is of the devoted MacAlister that they treasure the most tender memory; and around their firesides in the winter evenings the cottagers of Glenmalure, in rustic ballad or simple story, recount with tearful eyes and beating hearts how he died to save his chief in the sheeling of Imall.

The following ballad by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, follows literally the story of the hero-martyr MacAlister:

"At length, brave Michael Dwyer, you and your trusty men
Are hunted o'er the mountains and tracked into the glen.
Sleep not, but watch and listen; keep ready blade and ball;
The soldiers know you're hiding to-night in wild Imall."

The soldiers searched the valley, and towards the dawn of day

Discovered where the outlaws, the dauntless rebels, lay.
Around the little cottage they formed into a ring,
And called out, 'Michael Dwyer! surrender to the king!'

Thus answered Michael Dwyer: "Into this house we came,
Unasked by those who own it—they cannot be to blame.
Then let these peaceful people unquestioned pass you through,
And when they're placed in safety, I'll tell you what we'll do."

'T was done, "And now," said Dwyer, "your work you may begin:

You are a hundred outside—we're only four within.
We've heard your haughty summons, and this is our reply
We're true United Irishmen, we'll fight until we die."

Then burst the war's red lightning, then poured the leaden rain,

The hills around re-echo'd the thunder peals again.
The soldiers falling round him, brave Dwyer sees with pride
But, ah! one gallant comrade is wounded by his side.

Yet there are three remaining good battle still to do;
Their hands are strong and steady, their aim is quick and true—

But hark that furious shouting the savage soldiers raise!
The house is fired around them! the roof is in a blaze!

And brighter every moment the lurid flame arose,
And louder swelled the laughter and cheering of their foes.
Then spake the brave MacAlister, the weak and wounded man:

"You can escape, my comrades, and this shall be your plan:
'Place in my hands a musket, then lie upon the floor:
I'll stand before the soldiers, and open wide the door:
They'll pour into my bosom the fire of their array;
Then, whilst their guns are empty, dash through them and away."

E. S. Robson

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